Flower-Decorations, Nest-Hunting, and Other Easter Diversions-A Pretty Poem and an Entertaining Story.

Forget-Me-Not: An Easter Poem.

Christ is risen, good Friday is past, And joy has come after forty days' fast; The resurrection is for rich and poor, For young and old, for evermore. To enjoy springtime's beaming hours, To gather nature's levely flowers, The people go forth at early morn, The church with garlands to adorn; Each one brings a gift on the altar to lay, For this is the hely Easter Day.

But see! a little child with tearful eyes, Her little heart breaking with pitifuleries;
"My little one, why are your eyes full of tears?"
Come, darling, and tell me all your fears,"

Oh, father! I, too, sought my offering; but I found not a single forget-me-not." "There, there, be quiet! the Lord helps in need, He knows thy heart and takes the will for the deed!

Thy pure love, my little tot, Is the dear Lord's forget-me-not." Thus speaks the father, but the child weeps still more, And pleading, draws him once more to the door. They seek again up and down the lake, But spring is only partly awake.

Now, as they return at the close of day, They meet an old beggar hard by the way, Wringing his hand and bewailing his lot, "Take pity, my child, and forget me not."

The child looks up with a smile and a tear As the flower's true meaning comes to her She clasps from her beck a chain of gold, And gives it to him with joys untold.

The chain was of tiny, golden buds, Each holding in its onlyx the forget-mo-nots, "They taught me," she says, "what I had torget. That the poor man is the Lord's forget-me-not." The child became queen of great renown, And forget-me-nots still adorn her crown, For to hundreds she gave their dutly food,

Maria Theresa, the great and good,

HE sacred festival of Easter has been appro-priately termed the queen of festivals. has been observed from the foundation of Christian religion, and is celebrated in every part of the Christian world with great solemnity and The flower decorations of the Roman, of the Eng-

lish, and of the American churches on Easter Day excel those of any other nation; but the bome amusement of preparing the Easter egg has not yet become universal and is not nearly as pretty as the nesthunting as described in our Easter story. Again, the gathering of wild flowers for an Easter offering, which is practiced every-where in the southern part of Europe, and which our poem "Porget-me-not"

tifully describes, is certainly an admirable

A few years ago the writer had the pleasure of preparing an Easter egg hunt at a young ladies' academy on the Hulson. It was a bright cold day, and all that nature could afford for decoration were branches of abor-vita and a few of arbutus. These were quickly woven over fine wire into delicate little nests, then eggs were blown out by the dozen and on each a pretty Easter greeting was written and was tied into the nest with white satin ribbon, to which was attached a prettily decorated Easter eard in the form of a cross. After the nests had been well concealed in every nock and corner of the building, the young ladies were invited to begin their hunt. While they were rummaging a rustic table was laid, that is, instead of a cloth it was spread with green branches. were placed eggs, prepared in every con-ceivable manner. There were boiled, scrambled, fried, broiled, poached, steam-ed, baked, pruned, scalloped, curried, and pickled eggs. In the center was a huge log cabin built of Easter cake cut in strips. At each plate was a cordial invitation that the one who had been fortunate enough to

find a nest was entitled to a seat.

Now the fun began. Many had found two
or three, others had not found any; the latter were not entitled to seats at the table. and the former were not willing to give them the prizes demanded. Finally they agreed that the unsuccessful Diana should pay a dime for her nest; thus the nests were equally distributed and about one dolfar and fifty cents was collected for the poor. After the refreshments the young ladies danced the german and had a genadies danced the german and had a general good time, and they unanimously declared that they had never known Easter joys before. We will close this description by giving our readers a few hints for coloring Easter eggs: For bright red, boil them in cranberry juice: for bright yellow, boil them with onlon skins; for blue or purple, use the juice of preserved plums or back cherries; for bright ereen, wrap them in spinach leaves. The old-fashloned method of boiling them wrapped in bright calico is

very satisfactory.

A peculiar Easter custom is still in vogue. in the North of England. On Easter Day the men parade the streets, with the priv-"lifting" every woman they meet three times from the ground and demand-ing in payment either a kiss or a sixpence. On Easter Monday the tables are turned, the women being entitled to the chance of recovering their kisses or their sixpences. as the case may be.

Chambers' "Book of Days" thus alludes to this custom of lifting: "In Lancashire, and in Cheshire, Staffordshire and Warwickshire, and perhaps in other counties, the ridiculous custom of 'lifting,' or 'heaving,' is practiced. On Easter Monday the men lift the women, and on Easter Tuesday the women lift, or heave, the men. The process is performed by two lusty men or women joining their hands across each other's wrists: then, making the person to be heaved sit down on their arms, they lift him up aloft two or three times, and often earry him several yards along the street. A grave clergyman who happened to be passing along a town in Lancashire on Easter Tuesday, and having to stay an hour or two at an inn, was astonished by three four lusty women rusning into his room. exciaiming they had come to 'lift him.'
"To lift me!' repeated the amazed di-

vine: 'what can you mean ? Why, your reverence, we've come to lift you. 'cause it's Easter Tuesday.'
"'Lift me because it's Easter Tuesday? I don't understand. Is there such a custom

'Yes, to be sure; all us women was lifted yesterday, and us lifts the men to-day. And in course it's our rights and duties." After a little further parley, the reverend traveler compromised with his lair visitors for half a crown, and thus escaped the dreaded compliment."

The Living Easter Egg.

BY MRS. A. L. WALLACE.

LL of you run, now, and seek to your hearts' con-tent, under the gooseberry ushes, behind the large rees, in the arbor, and away out on the meadow. Run. children! but keep peace. Whoever finds an egg may eat it, but he who with another seeks in the same place, and then begins to quarrel over the found egg, will be pun-inel, and goes empty, and, above all, he will not receive his Easter cake." It was a noble peasant woman who spoke thus,

dressed were two lit is girls of the age of ? and 10 and two little boys, one 12 and the

in the house all winter, rushed out-doors and rummaged under the branches of all the bushes and in the tall grasses.

Easter that year had fallen unusually late; therefore the gardens and fields displayed the colors of spring.

The leaves of the gooseberry and currant bushes began to peep out and warm themselves in the rays of the April sun. Apple and plumb trees were arrayed in their white and rosy bloom. The lilies of the valley opened by thousands their tender white calyx and the lark thrilled a joyful resurrection song.

resurrection song.
"I found it," triumphantly called a voice I found it, trumphantly called a voice from the corner of the garden, and the youngest girl, with beaming countenance, crept from under the gooseberry bush, in the thick branches of which she had discovered a bright, speckled Easter egg. Her older brother, whose secreh had been rewarded only by an empty bird's nest, called, "Yes, yes, I have found two, no, three; yes, one under the bush, and, hurrah! there I see two behind the dog house."

Then the other little girl cried: "See this beautiful blue egg. I found it in the clier

Only the youngest of the boys stood with a sad face, just ready to ery; his large black eyes staring into the sky, his little empty hands folded behind him. He said plaint-ively; "Hans finds nothing and can see nothing.

"Because Hans does not seek earnestly." said the youngest girl, taking him gently by the hand. "Come with me; I will help

She led him away back of the garden, where the old willow trees bounded the meadow. Meanwhile the pensant woman, taking her kniting, seated herself on the old log before the bouse, watching the merry play of her children.

Her husband, a muscular-built man in the prime of life, his meer-chaum ripe in his mouth, dressed in his Sunday coat with gilt buttons, made a fine appearance as he stepped out of the front door, seating himself at his wife's side, who greeted him with a hearty "Well, you have come just right, It does our heart good to see the merriment of our children; they seem to complete the scene of nature on this beautiful Easter

"Yes," he responded, "nature is wonderful and mysterious! It is incomprehensible to me how the sunbeams can bring forth the buds and flowers and clothe the fields in living green." And after a pause he added: "And yet there are many people who never a mire nature and quarrel with fate, even when all around them is bright

You must have met Claudius, and he has vexed you," remarked his wife. The man nodded. "It always seems as if somebody stabbed me whenever I meet that man, with his gloomy countenance and his eyes cast down. He just came sneaking along like a shriveled-up mole that can not endure the light. "Well, every one has his troubles, and

perhaps his burden is unusually heavy," said she. The peasant, puffing his pipe, replied:
"No doubt, but he owes the most of his

misfortune to his own imprudence, and he has to blame himself for having to live a to her feet, and, with the child in her arms, lonely and embittered life."

him to a high pile of dry leaves under the eim trees.
"What can be the matter?" exclaimed the

Peasant woman.

"Father! mother! do come here! O, come and see!" called little Anna Maria and an instant later all the children circled around the pile of leaves, their faces expressing the greatest astonishment. "Come, let us see what it is," urged the

wife.

"O, bosh! It can be nothing very much; a dead mole, a hedge-hog, or something of that sort," replied the peasant, slowly rising and preparing to follow her.

A lew moments later they had reached the spot. The sight which here presented itself threw them into consternation. In the center of the pile lay a lovely little child, perhaps nine months old, wrapped in an old gray woolen shawl. The old man's an old gray woolen shawl. The old man's face looked like marble as he gazed at the child, and Anna Maria was on her knees kissing and stroking the little thing, while the oldest boy in his roguish way called. "Oh. good! Good old father Claudius has ound a living Easter egg-a nice living

Very true," said the peasant; "and now the question is, who tound it?"
"For shame!" said his wife. "The first thing is to revive the little frozen body." And taking the little thing into her arms. she bate them all followher into the house There she quickly undressed it and began to rub the little limbs with coarse flannel, and from time to time she wet the dainty lips with some spirits. Soon the little fingers began to move, it opened its eyes, and before the children had time to expects their joy by "It lives! it lives!" it joined the chorus by a loud cry.

"Get me some warm milk, quick!" said the mother. Anna Maria was the first to obey the comnand, while old Claudius stood like a petrifled skeleton. A few minutes' music and

then the voice was hushed by long draughts of warm milk. "Husband, will you go to the attle and fetch the box packed with our baby's gar-

No sooner said than done. There was everything needed to clothe the little foundling, even to the little socks. Alt r it had had its warm bath and was dressed, it went Johnny, will you lend baby your crib to

'Es-'es," stammered the little boy. "But, mamma, the baby does not belong "You are right, my boy," said the father.
"Father Claudius found it and ought to take it home," remarked the eidest.
"You are right, my boy," said the father.
"Father Claudius, you will take the child and care for it well."
"The dickens! What can I do with the

thing? I have no woman to take care of it." "What difference does that make? You have nothing to occupy your time; you need ome employment: it will do you goo "O fudge! I have plenty to do without taking care of babies. Your girl teased me into the garden, and you have as much right to it as I. I say, add it to your stock; I'll let you have it for nothing.

The impudence of this speech aroused he wife's temper. Like a flash she jumped wife's temper.



"GOOD OLD FATHER CLAUDIUS HAS FOUND A LIVING EASTER EGG."

"Do you know, Anton, I think you might ! tell me a little more about the history of this man. How did it happen that he turned his own son out of doors? You know I was sick at that time and have never heard the story minutely. What made the old man only child out into the wide world. and forbid him ever to cross his threshold

"Yes; you see, Gertrude, this is the way it came about. The peasant scratched himself a little behind the ear, watching the thick clouds of smoke as they arose from his pipe into the

clear spring air, and, laying the pipe down beside him, he began as follows: "You must still remember how matters stood in our house last October." "Alas! I shall never torget the 2d of Oc-tober even if I live to the day of the Resurrection" replied the wife with a deep sigh.
"I taink the fall of 1813 will be remembered

by every citizen of Leipsie and especially by our poor community and all the other villages. The terrible shooting still sounds in my ear, and I still seem to hear the lam-entations of the wounded and the groans of the dying. It was the miseries we had to endure that threw me on my sick bed. Yes, and the worst of it all was that Napoleon Bonapart forced our soldiers to fight on the French side. But on the 18th of October they perceived that the United German States were likely to become victorious. and they went over to then, in large num-bers,"

The peasant woman nodded, and after a short pause the man continued.

"Claudius was known to be a sworn enemy to the French and their frivolous Emperor: but his son Frederic, contrary to his father's wishes, followed the heir-capped felons and their avaricious captain. They had had many a hot dispute on the subject; but never a real falling out until the com-mand came that Frederic, who was a sol-dier, should again join the army. Instead of choosing his own country he joined the French, and even with a light heart. The old man almost died with grief. but he could not help himself, and had to

"Well, as the day of the rebellion drew nigh, and the fortunes of the French began to waver, the old man rejoiced with us; but alas! his joy soon come to grief. On the evening of October the 19th a little troop of fugitive Frenchmen passed through our village, and among them was Frederic, He had refused the opportunity to go over to the United German army and had re-mained with the many wounded. He, being hardly able to keep on his feet, came to his father's. So a neighbor relates, who saw and heard everything. The old man turned him away with the bitterest curses, threatening even to expose him if he ever showed

"O, bad, hard-hearted old man!" exclaimed the pensant woman.
"Yes, it was outrageous to expose his own

flesh and blood to destruction, and yet he had just cause to be indignant." The woman glanced one side, and sald: "Hush! there he cames up the road. See

how his poor, tent figure creeps along."
"Yes, there he is again, the old grumbler."
"But say, do they not k now what became of Frederic?--whether he perished or is still

"I have not heard the particulars. Some say he died, others think that they saw him in this country several weeks after that

"Just look," said the wife. "our little Anna Maria has ventured to coax the cross-looking old man into the garden. She always tries to cheer him up; she can't bear to see anyone unhappy. I do believe she will succeed. See how eagerly she pulls him stong! There—there he goes with her; and now you can continue your

"Isn't she a cunning little girl? The old man is actually helping her to hunt eggs. Then, for the first time, he saw how he Every nook and corner in the garden had sprinkled the floor with the contents of When the last sytable is d passed her Every nook and corner in the garden had had sprinkled the fillips, the little crowd, which had been kept been rummaged through, when she drew the smashed bottle.

"Now, see here, Father Claudius! you know very well that we have our hands full, and can hardly make both ends meet. You have ample means, and, being the finder, the law will force you to take care of the child. "The law force me? Gracious! who ever

heard of such a thing? I won't take care of it. No. not I! Nobody knows where it came from, and the little bastard can go to While this dispute was going on the chil-

dren amused themselves examining the old rags in which the child had been dressed, and just as Father Claudius had finished his declaration the eldest boy picked up an old green shawl which had enveloped the poor little infant and kept it from freezing to death, and as he waved it in the air for a banner of victory a piece of paper fell at his "Ha! ha! Father Claudius, not so fast!

What is this? Let's see! Ferhaps it will give us a clue. She had picked up the essage and read as follows:

This certifies that this is the legitimate child of Mary Louisa Terre, law ul wife of George J. Claudius. The futher was killed in the last buttle, and the mother, on leath-bed, left the infant to the care of a nutual friend of her and her husband's family, with the request that, if possible, the caild should be conveyed to his grand-

father, Isaac Claudius, of Leipsle.
"Knowing that the owner of this garden is an intimate friend of the old gentleman. and also being assured that the children would have their Easter hunt, we conceal the little treasure in the soft bed of leaves, where we believe it will surely be found and in this way we relieve ourselves of all responsibility without exposing our name. and hope that you will kindly deliver it to the right owner. Isaac Claudius, who by law is in duty bound to take care of it as his son's child."

That is a put-up job. They could palm off a dozen children on me in that way! screamed the old man. "Hold on; here is some more!" And she continued:

Meanwhile we shall not lose our interest in the orphan, and should any difficulties arise we will boldly some forward and take the child's part.

Sincerely your true friend,
There now: take the child and be off to our cottage, quick as possible Before the old man could say boo, he felt himself pushed out of doors, with the child in his arms and a bottle of milk in his

Being afraid of becoming the laughing-stock of the passers-by, he nastened home s fast as his tottering limbs would carry

Half an hour later, when the peasant woman was sure she had given the old man time enou. h to bethink himsel, she took another bottle of milk and everything that was necessary to complete the baby's outwas necessary to complete the baby's outit, and went over to see what the old man
was doing. As she drew near the house
she heard the baby crying pitiully. She
hastened as much as possi le, and, opening
the door abruptly, found the old man pacing
the floor like one deranged, the milk trickling from one of his coat tails, while the
child lay on the heart tails, while the child lay on the hard table, calling for at-

What's the matter? What have you done The poor man had not heard her come, and at the sound of her voice appeared to be frightened out of his wits. "Why—why, nothing. I put the thing on the table. I suppose you could find no softer place."

"Take it up this instant, and walk with it!"

He silently obeyed, for he felt it was no

ise to oppose her; but he took the child up n such an awkward manner that she was obliged to adjust it properly in his arms. Then she made him trot up and down.

"Where is the milk I gave you?"
"What milk?" "The bottle of milk I put into your pocket."

Then she gave him a lesson in nursing the child. She repeated her visits every day, and trained him so well that he not only became attached to his ward but also to his

As the child grew to the cunning age when it could say "Grandpa, grandpa," it brought back to him all the scenes of his married life, and it was only then that he realized that bles-ings often come in dis-guise, and that God does not always punish

necording to our transgressions.

He could not bear the child out of his sight a moment. As she grew up to girl-hood he beg udged even the hours she had to spend at school. But against his own wish he was destined to become grandfuther and great-grandfather, and had the pleasure of seeing his name established for

Frost-Proof Flowers.

It is possible, even in our northern tier of States, to have out-of-door blossoms from April to November, by a proper selection of varieties; but how few there are among the multitude of flowerlovers in them that can attain such a desirable condition of things. There are so many that must and will have flowers of some kind, that have to do the best they can with the varieties that drift into their possession; and after they have nursed their petted darlings into blossoming freely, how often they sigh, some early fall morning, to find them all blackened by the frosty breath of a single night, in spite of the most careful covering.

Rufus Choate once said, speaking of New England's climatic variations, "that they were sure of ninety days' corn weather;" so we of the Northern States are of our blooming season; but most flower cultivators find it all too brief, for without special advantages but few can get their annuals and bedding-plants to blooming freely before the middle of July; and we all know to our sorrow how often there are frosty nights in the middle of September. "Experience is a good teacher," if a

dear one; it often takes many failures and hard knocks to get any kind of an idea into our heads; this occurred to me this fall, after all the hard frosts and flirts of snow way into October, while looking at my flower-beds. For the pink and purple verbenas, petunias, red catch-fly, sweet alyssum, pansies, and double chamomile were blooming as brightly as if they had not been frozen stiff so many times; and even the first of November, one of the neighbors had a bed of purple ten weeks' stocks as brilliant as if summer skies were smiling over them. While looking at them the idea struck me very forcibly that by planting such hardy varieties the blooming season might be extended a month or more, which would be quite a consideration to flower-lovers. We should find it hard to give up all our tender beauties, and do not grudge them their care; but the varieties named are beautiful enough at any season to satisfy most people; proven frost-proof qualities are a strong item in their favor.

Of course, to have a nice-looking bed in the fall all the varieties in it should be frost-proof, and to keep them in a blooming condition the withered flowers may be clipped during summer: but a few minutes' use of the scissors once a week will be sufficient for that .- Portland Transcript.

Like to Be Humbugged. The Chinese themselves do not believe in dissection and there is no bodysnatching here. They believe that the heart is the seat of thought, that the soul exists in the liver, and that the gall bladder is the seat of courage. For this reason the gall bladders of tigers are eaten by soldiers to inspire them with courage. The Chinese doctor ranks no higher than the ordinary skilled workman. He gets from 15 to 20 cents a visit, and he often takes patients on condition that he will cure them within a certain time or no pay. He never sees his female patients except behind a screen, and he does not pay a second visit unless invited. His pay is called "golden thanks," and the orthodox way of sending it to him is wrapped in red paper. The dentists look upon pulled teeth as trophies, and they go about with necklaces of decaved teeth about their necks or with them strung upon strings or tied to sticks. Toothache is supposed to come from a worm in the tooth, and there are a set of female doctors who make a business of extracting these worms. When the nerve is exposed they take this out and call it the worm, and when not they use a slight-of-hand by which they make their patients believe certain worms, which they show them, came from their teeth. I have heard persons tell of Chinamen who claimed to have had ten worms taken from their mouths in a single day, and I saw a woman actually at work upon a patient in the street here. China is as full of superstition as the West India islands, and the people like to be humbugged quite as well here as we do in America. -Frank G. Carpenter's letter from Shanghai.

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

Yoost gif a cord of good hickory-nut wood to der poor, und vhen you vas gone to dot Borneo abofe you will find yourself out dot it has been re-corded dhere also.

You can gadder a crops of "vild oats" voost so good in der gas light as eny odder man. Dhem shpirds abofe ockuby dheir times in readin obiduary nodices.

Dhem shpirits below vas set em ub. Dond nefer shteal, or you got der shmell of brimshtone about your pandyloons pooty gwick. Some mens may alvays been around,

but dhey vas nefer shgware. Der reason vhy der boys dond got der mitten so much now, vas because der gals dond can knit .- Sunday Na-

JUDICIAL astrology was cultivated by the Chaldeans and transmitted to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, It was much in vogue in France in the time of Catherine di Medicis, who was married to Francis I. of France in 1533.

THE first printing press in America was set up at Cambridge by Stephen Day, in 1639.

SURPRISED AT THE CULTIVATION AND REFINEMENT HE FINDS.

Like Other Distinguished Visitors He Describes the Stock-Yards - His Tender Heart Grows Faint at the Sights He Witnesses During a Conversation with Mr.



OMING here as I prised to note the cultivation and refinement one sees here at the most constantly by the rudeness and ignorance of the masses.

shocked. I have seen reared so carefully that a few trace the evolution of culture without shocks would be fatal to me. Our people were extremely refined and high strung. Several of my ancestors drove their own teams and hauled freight from the depot. We are a haughty race, and when irritated would fight for our honor or anything else that presented itself.

The Nyes extend back into the past for hundreds of years. They have occupied every position of trust all over the pages of the grocery history of their country. We will not brook an affront, and the man who looks askance at us may be found on the following day carefully looking over his vitals, removing sand from them, and trying to replace them in their former position on the program.

And so I was as pleased as a child when I entered this rough Western town, so far removed from the great thought emporiums and brain works of the thinking and tidy East, and found so much real merit, so much that we are fond of in the East, yet hardly expect to find so far West, where everything is, O! so crude, and O! so coarse.

Among other things I brought my pajamas with me, and a finger-bowl. I id not think I would find any fingerbowls out here, and I must have my finger-bowl or I sicken and fade away.

There are some real good stores here. and Eastern people who may be hesitating about coming here because there is no good place to trade need not hesitate any longer.

Society here, too, is good. It is so good that, so far, I have not been pressed to enter it much, and so I can ee that it is not so mixed as I have been told it was at home.

observed. It has the same soiled and tato. troubled bosom that one sometimes sees in the lower walks of life, and it moves very, O, so very deliberately, like a man stroved and devastated the hives of going to the train to meet his wife's bees, feeding on the honey it plunmother, knowing that she does not ap- dered from them. It swooped down prove of him.

eighty-two thousand cows were made the stings of the bees could not penewidows here last year. Five thousand trate the soft, downy covering of the pigs per day also bite the dust after moth. having emitted a piercing shriek. One sees the pig gay, frolicsome, and with means to prevent the onslaught of this life before him. Anon we find him cold in death. His chest has a large last the bees solved the problem themhole in it and a big, big chip gives his selves. mouth a hard, set look. It is awful. And yet to see Mr. Armour there with his sleeves tucked up above his dim- themselves to pass but not large pled elbows and the tips of his red flannels just showing reguishly beneath, you would find it hard to say in your heart, "Here is a cold, cruel man." He flits here and there among the workmen, looking now at the breast-bone of tended wings. On the thorax of a Quincy shote to see if we will have middle portion of the body are pale an open winter, and then going on to markings, representing a hideons where he is trying to keep up a cob fire death's head, hence the name of the under a hogshead in which he is insect. smoking some of his justly celebrated



NYE'S PLEASURE AT SEEING A FINGER-BOWL

hams. "And are you fond of your work, Mr. Armour?" I asked, as he began to pull out the chin whiskers of an adult hog. "Indeed I am," he replied. "It seems almost like play to me now. At first it made me tired and I yearned for something more remuneralive, but it pays real well now, and though I feel weary at night as I get home and put on my other clothes I am sustained and soothed by the blessed assurance that at the end of the year I is worth making a sacrifice for. Of course it is pleasanter to write thoughts for the paper and wear your good clothes every day and call yourself literary than it is to assassinate hogs all day and go home smelling like a lard rendering recital, but literature is not so remnnerative. I am therefore content. My lot may not be so fragrant as yours, but it is not after all an undesirable one." He then buried his gleaming blade in the watch pocket of a large can be.

I speak of Mr. Armour's works because it is customary to do so. People Duke of Montpensier, but in three who come to Chicago from the East at | months she was also dead. His Majesty once repair to the pork centers, and, now resolved to retain the baleful jewel having seen them, they write a letter in his own keeping, but he, too, soon

about the matter and go home. has \$1,253,850,27 more than I have as now been suspended by a chain around I write these lines, said to me: "You the neck of the statue of the Maid of see, with about a million of people Almudena, the patron saint of Madrid.

"Well, to be sure! What an awkward, stupled man you are! Fortunately, I brought another portion, for that which I gave you is wasted."

BILL NYE SEES CHICAGO. here, you must remember that the larger number are by birth Eastern; so we claim, Mr Nye, to know as much as the Eastern people and what we have lea-ned since we came West be-

"That may be true," I said in a tone of gentle cast irony, "but when you come West you lose that cool, cultivated look of refined vacuity which we of the East constantly dote on. We do not like that in you. It is real did from New York coarse. You say 'Hullo!' and treat I was agreeably sur- strangers politely without knowing who they are. That is where you fool yourselves in the West. We Eastern people resent your easy way of getting acquainted with people on trains and unexpected mo- in public places and treating them hosments. I came to pitably. You shouldn't do that. You Chicago (from the ought to be more coy until people East) fearing that identify themselves. Don't you know I would be shocked that a man with the slightest tinge of and pained almost intellect can get along first-rate socially if he will preserve an air of hauteur and reserve instead of your off-hand bonhominy, as we say in dear

old France?" It is easy for the observer to readily going out of the cars. Leaving San Francisco you are on good terms with everybody, from the engineer to the rear brakeman, within twenty-four hours. The California Senator divides his lunch and cigars with the homeward



HOW A SHOTE GETS HIS WHISKERS SINGED

bound Bostonian, and the San Francisco millionaire plays whist with the bead-eyed humorist. Crossing the Missouri River the air of curiosity manifests itself, followed east of Chicago by a falling off in the rapport and persiflage business, until between New York and Boston the stranger feels the same air of cordiality that Mr. Enoch Arden did when he got home, late at night, looked in the window, and went away. BILL NYE.

The Deth's-Head Moth.

A short time before the outbreak of the French Revolution there appeared in Europe a large moth, bearing on the back of its thorax a hideous death's The Chicago River is one of the most head. It had been imported into lesolate and arid streams I have ever | Europe with its native plant, the po-

It was not long before it was found that this ominous-looking insect dein the dead of night, making havoe of Two million three hundred and the hive, and resistance was in vain, as

The owners of bees tried various terrible enemy, but all in vain, and at

They built a wall of wax with loopholes in it sufficiently large to allow

enough to admit their enemy. In appearance the death's head moth is large and dark-colored, with vellow markings, and measures about five inches from tip to tip of its ex-

The caterpillar is greenish yellow, with black spots on the back and cross lines of blue and white. It is our common potato worm.

One of the strange characteristics of this peculiar moth is a plaintive, squeaking sound which it emits, the mannet of its production having as yet no satisfactory explanation. On account of the piratical markings

garded with superstitions dislike and aversion. In Mauritius a superstition prevails that it sheds a dust from its wings that causes immediate blindness if it falls upon a person. For this reason,

when one of the moths enters a habi-

on its thorax, it has always been re-

tation a scene of consternation ensues. The chrysalis is quite interesting, somewhat resembling a jug in its shape. The long handle is commonly supposed to be the tail of the insect. but is in reality the tongue-case. This latter organ-the tongue-is of extraordinary length, to enable it to reach after the honey in flowers having a deep corolla. A Madagascar species has a

tongue 9; inches in length. The chrysalis is frequently found in digging in the ground where potatoes find I have made \$3,000,000, and that have been planted.-Noble M. Eberhart, Ph. D.

A Fateful Ring.

A curious story is related from Madrid in explanation of the misfortunes which have lately afflicted the royal house of Spain. It appears that the root of the mischief is a fatal ring of quite mediæval deadliness. The late King Alfonso XII. gave it to his cousin, Mercedes, when he was betrothed to her, and she wore it during the whole ecru hog, and as he began to unravel of her short married life. On her death the digestive economy of the poor brute | the King presented it to his grand-I turned aside and hid my face on the mother, the Queen Christina. She shoulder of a young lady that stood died very soon after, when it passed to near by. I am a brave man in a great | the King's sister, the Infanta del Pilar, emergency, but when my honor is not | who at once began to sicken, and in a at stake my heart is just as tender as it | few days breathed her last. Alphonso then handed it to his sister-in-law, Christina, the youngest daughter of the fell a victim to its mysterious malig-An old Chicago business man who Lancy. By order of his widow it has